BUSINESS NOTICES. RUSSIAN OPERA GLASSES.—FRIOR, Excellent in every respect. Repositify for Boliday pre-

AMUSEMENTS

OME, THE ETERNAL CITY.

RAND OPERA HOUSE.

J. Lessee and Manager.

Mr. T. H. FRENCE.

GRAND FERFORMANCE.

GRAND FERFORMANCE.

Under the management of Mr. A. M. PALMER.

ACTORS FUND OF AMERICA.

THURSDAY, DEC. I.

when the following well-known

artists will appear:

How the following well-known

artists will appear:

H. J. AMES BROWN POTTER.

By courtey of Mr. E. G. Gilmore;

EDWARD HARRIGAN

and the Park Theature Company,

McCaulll OPERA COMFANY,

by courtesy of Mr. John A. McCaull;

Dockstader's Minetrels.

EVAN AND KENNEDY.

AND A HOST OF OTHER ARTISTS.

Frices: \$2.00, \$1.50, \$1.00 and 60 cents.

Sale of seate commences MONDAY.

DOCKSTADER'S MINSTRELS.

H. R. JACOBS'S 3D AVE. THEATRE.

Thankegiving at We

Matines to-morrow, 2.30,

GRAND OPERA-HOUSE.

BLACK

FAUST.

Her Exquisite Art as Apparent as Ever Patigue Shown Only in Her High Notes-Col. McCaull's Thanksgiving Dinner-An English Melodrama for New York's New Theatre-The Actors' Fund Benefit.



TELKA GERSTER thusiasa.

politan Operalast night, when clau
in white like a debutante, she stepped forward to sing the pervarial "Una Voce
"Una Voce from "Il Barbiere di Seviglia." Mme. Gerster's exquisite art was as apparent as ever, her roulades were enunciated with wonderful clearness, and the sympathetic quality of

her voice was undeniable. In her high notes, however, the songstress shows fatigue. Mme. Gerster cannot attack" them with the same audacity as formerly, and she is too much of an artist not to realize that fact. It was evident that this caused much disappointment to those who remembered her former bird-like tones. In untechnical parlance her voice would be called "fat," For an encore Mme. Gerster sang "Mignon," "Connais tu le pays?" from second part of the programme she gave "I Vespri Siciliani," and, in a the second part of the programme sage gave "I Vespri Siciliani," and, in a duet with Sig. Carbone, Donizetti's "Elisir d'Amore." Mr. Abbey's company was admirable. Its shining light was, of course, Sig. De Anna, who is very popular with New Yorkers and whose magnificent voice in the romance from "Ernani" simply electrified the audience. He nani" simply electrified the audience. He also sang an air from "Trovatore," and in the duet from "Favorita," with Mme. Helen Hastreiter. That lady was in excellent voice and most amiable mood. She sang, "Can I Bear This Anguish Weary?" from "Orpheus," with great feeling, and an aria from "Il Guarany." Theodore Bjorksten was well received, but his voice is rather weak. Sig. Carbone was so vigorous that it was almost necessary to hold on to one's seat while he was singing. Miss Nettie Carpenter did some excellent violin work in Wieniawski's

econd concerts. Mr. Abbey says the loss of the Tuesday night Gerster concert will cost his firm something like \$6,000. Of course all the expenses were running, although the receipts were stopped. Mr. Abbey cannot be disturbed by such trifles, however. He smiled pleasantly as he referred to the unfortunate Tuesday, and spoke of it in his usual placid manner.

Col. John A. McCaull gave a delightful Thanksgiving dinner yesterday to every "soul" in his employ, at Polifonte Morell's "soul" in his employ, at Polifonte Morell's restaurant. Stage carpenters, scene shifters, chorus and company all participated, and were headed by the gentle little being with the straw-colored hair, known as Major-Gen. Benjamin D. Stovens, Col. McCaull's major domo. The colonel himself, with De Wolf Hopper, Mme. Cottrelly, De Angelis, Harry Macdonough, Mr. and Mrs. Digby Bell and others of the cast sat round a small table and discussed turkey. Speeches of the right kind—that is to say, extremely short oneswere made. Col. McCaull's health was proposed, and the occasion was extremely merry. were made. Col. McCaull's health was pro-posed, and the occasion was extremely merry. The dinner was sandwiched in between the matinee and the evening performance.

It is now said that at the new French and Sanger theatre to be opened in February "The Bells of Haslemere" will be the first play presented. This is a melodrama now being played in London, and in which Mr. Terriss and Miss Millevard figure conspicutors.

An interesting entertainment, under the

IN SHEEP'S CLOTHING

Life by Nym Crinkle.

[Concluded from Wednesday.]

x.

of John Watson Keeley.

The circus had gone on to Texas for the winter

and a pai of Keeley had remained behind, partly

on account of his evidence for the defense and

partly because of his loyalty to Keeley. On the

gloom with his head between his hands: "I'm going

'Oh, not as bad as that, Jack," said Rob. " Brace

" Not a living chance. The lawyer's been here

'Oh, while there's life there's hope, " suggested

"I want you to do me one last favor," said the

stood to me like a friend. It won't cost you any-

"It ain't much I can do, old man," answered

"It ain't that. You are going on after the show.

When you get to Austin write on to New York and

iell 'em I was killed in a square fight. You know

what I mean. I would not have 'em know this,

fetch up in prison, the other's a young one. I don't

want her to know it. They won't know by the

'Yes, I will," said Rob, with a good deal of

fellef at the easiness of the task. "I swear to

XI.

Two years have slipped by eventfully and cruelly

mough to the world, smoothly and restfully to two

Then they shook hands for the last time.

o get twenty years. My goose is cooked.

Rob, with a desperate effort at comfort.

Rob. "They watch me too close."

keaven, I tust will,"

up! You've got a chance yet with the Judge."

him in his cell.

a free man. "

It was late in November

when he was sentenced

MME. GERSTER IN CONCERT.

management of A. M. Palmer, will be given at the Grand Opera-House next Thursday for the benefit of the Actors' Fund. The following artists have promised to appear: Henry Irving, Mrs. James Brown Potter, Joseph Jefferson and Edward Harrigan. The McCauli Opera Company, Dockstader's minstrels and Ryan and Kennedy will also contribute to the entertainment.

Footlight Flashes. A full score of "Conrad the Corsair" will be given as a souvenir at the fiftieth performance of the burlesque at the Bijon Opera-House next Monday. When "The Arabians Nights" is presented at the Academy of Music several new people will joir the organization, among them being Masie Sohike. There will be a largely augmented chorus.

chorus.

The Rev. S. T. Graham delivers lectures on Munkacsky's religious painting, "Christ on Calvary," at the Twenty-third Street Tabernacie each afternoon at 8 o'clock and each evening at 8 o'clock.

O'clock.

Prof. Cromwell's subject on Sunday evening at the Grand Opera-House will be "Rome, the Eternal City." The portraits of the leading Italian lights of the day, the anilque statues of the Vatical and the noted paintings will be illustrated.

Prof. Cromwell's lectures are wonderfully in-

At the Casino concert on Sunday evening the following artists from the Gerster Concert Company will appear: Mme. Heiene Hastreiter, Herr Bjorksten, Sig. De Anna, Mme. Sacconi, Sig. Coranna, Sig. Carbone and Miss Nettle Carpenter. The Casino orchestra will be conducted by Mr. Neuendorff.

A DOLLAR DINNER FOR FOUR.

Contributed Daily to "The World" by Onof the Best Known City Chefs. At to-day's market prices the material for this linner can be purchased for \$1.

Fig. . Baked Stuffed Coddsh, Cream Sauce, ROAST.
Chicken or Escaloped Oysters.
Mashed Potatoes. DESSERT. Squash Pic. Cheese. Sponge Drops. Coffee.

Daintles of the Market. Pickerel, 12c to 15c. Frost fish, Sc. Tounders, Sc. 5c. Bluefish, 15c.

5c. White perch, 10c. to 15c.

Hed anappers, 15c. to 15c.

Hed anappers, 15c. to 15c.

Hed anappers, 15c. to 25c.

Striped bass, 15c. to 25c.

Black bass, 10c. to 15c.

5 Sheepshead, 20c. to 25c.

5 Smeits, 12c. to 15c.

Little-neck clams, 40c. to 5c.

6 Jos. 100.

Oysters, 75c. to \$1.00 a 100.

Terrapin, \$12 to \$35 a dos.

Green turtle, 201/c. b.

Green turtle, 201/c. b.

Terrapin stew, \$4 quart.

Strimes. eg vesl, 20c. English mutton chops, 25c. amb hindq'ters, 12c. to 16c. Vesl cutlets, 28c. . 28c. . 86 per dozen. . 50c. to 60c. asting turkeys, 14c, to 2 uabs, \$3.50 to \$4 dox. 18c, 16c, to 18c, ks, 14c, to 15c, 88,50 pair. Canwasebacks, \$3.50 pair. Grouse, \$1, 25 pair. Partridge, 75c. to \$1, 25 pair. Reed birds, \$1 dozen. Redheads, \$1.50 pair. Mallards, \$1 pair. Teal, 75c. pair. rds, 81 pair.
750. pai

Both Spoon and Knife.

[From the Epoch.]
Miss Breezy (of Chicago)—Oh, yes, young Mr. Wabash is immensely wealthy, by inheritance. He was born with a silver spoon in his mouth, you

know.

Miss Shawsgarden (of St. Louis)—Was he, indeed? I should imagine from the way he cats that he was born with a knife in his mouth.

On His Way to the Ferry. [From Puch.]

Friend-Where on earth are you going with that parrot, old chap? Old Chap-I moved over to Lonelyville, N. J. ast week, and my wife says she must have something to talk to during the day or she'll

To one and all we say use ADAMSON'S BOTANIC COUGH BALSAM. Best druggists, 10c.

EMBROIDERY AS A FINE ART.

THE INDUSTRY PURSUED BY THE DAUGH-TER OF A POLISH EXILE.

Her Skill Exercised on Ladies' Slipper Gloves and Underwear-Needles as Thick as an Eye-lash Used-Miss Van Anken's Ten Pairs of Slippers-The Work Very Difficult to Learn-Some Customers.



running off a side street uptown lives a Polish refugee with

some years in London.
He has wealthy relatives in Poland, but
letters do not reach
them. Letters may get
within ten miles of
them, but that isn't
near enough to do within ten miles of much good.

While in London he was a designer of em broidery pattern for some of the large establishments there. His wife was a mistress of the art of needlework. This gift has descended to her eldest daughter. The younger

girl has aspirations to the stage.

The objects on which the elder girl employs her skill are ladies' shoes, silk stockings, silk underskirts, gloves, and—garters, The needles she uses have to be imported. It is a No. 18 needle, about as thick as an eyelash. No. 20 needles, the next size, are so small that they do not have an eye. They are only used to make holes with. To get strands fine enough for the work the silk is split in two.

split in two.

The ancients used to call embroidered things respicta acu, painted with a needle.

The work of the refugee's daughter is so fine

that it is like painting with a needle.

The father used to do work for a large dry-The father used to do work for a large drygoods house some years ago to the extent of
\$600 or \$700 a week. But he was engaged on
something not likely to suggest itself in connection with fine silk embroideries. He
worked for years and sunk a considerable
sum of money in perfecting a gun which would
discharge heaven knows how man shots at
once. He negociated with both the English once. He negociated with both the English and American governments for its introduc-tion, but nothing has come of it except pov-erty. He used up his evenings in trying to

erty. He used up his evenings in trying to elaborate the gun.

They do work, the father and daughter, for the principal dry goods houses. Their work goes to the Vanderbilts, the Goelets, Mrs. J. C. Ayer and her daughter, Mrs. Commodore Pierson, Mrs. Terry, the Van Aukens and dozens of other New York ladies who make dressing a fine art.
Some of their embroidery was sent to the

Some of their embroidery was sent to the Paris Exposition. One piece was a design for a slipper. It represented a peacock with a spread tail. Every feather of the peacock's tail was made with a stitch of different-colored silk. At the Vanderbilt fancy ball, Mrs. Wilson ordered this pattern to be embroidered on a pair of slippers. The eyes of the peacock were small diamonds.

Miss Van Auken had, as one small item in her trousseau, ten pairs of embroidered satin

her trousseau, ten pairs of embroidered satin slippers. The colors are blue, cream, white, sage green, dove and gray, and the embroid-ery harmonizes with the different tints. An-other beautiful pair of slippers is of pearl Suede kid, and the pattern is worked in small metal beads. The bridal slippers are in

small metal beads. The bridge supplies small metal beads. The bridge silver bullion.

"I have been embroidering now for two years," said the elder girl, "and there is no style I cannot do. I generally see what sort of stich suits the pattern best. It is almost impossible to get girls to do any of the work. We advertise for them, and there are plenty of applications, but it is too fine work. I have never had one learn it. Many of them leave as soon as they see the size of the

girl properly."

Of course the prices for this work are good. An undershirt of silk costs \$5 to embroider. The slippers and shoes are \$15 or \$20. When

Peter Gilsey was married he had a pair of alippers embroidered in gold bullion, and the embroidery alone cost \$35. He probably did not use them to play baseball in.

It takes the girl two days working from 8 to 12 and from 1 to 6 to embroider a pair of silk stockings. The price is from \$6 to \$9. Sometimes a pair of kid gloves about two yards long and with forty-eight buttons are sent in to be embroidered their whole length. Two or three dollars worth of work can be stitched into garters. Why a silk garter should have a gold clasp with a monogram in jewels and a profusion of fine needlework on it is one of those things that no man knoweth. Of course the work is taxing and worrying. Of course the work is taxing and worrying. Especially when a lady will come in and say, as they sometimes do: "Oh, that wont do, I have no such colors as those in my costume." Then about a thousand or two stitches have to be taken out and others

his daughters, one of whom is twenty years old and the other thirteen. He came to this country in '59, and had been previously for some years in London.

He has most the relationship to be taken out and one of the stockings and slippers that Isabelle Urquhart wears in 'The Marquis.' She knows what good work is. Some of the actresses like showy things, but you can shove inferior work off on them."

SHE TRIED A MAN'S TRICK.

A Scheme to Get a Ham Sandwich, a Mine Pie and 85 Cents for Nothing.

"Put those things right down and get out of here just as quick as you can. You're a dead fake and I'm onto you."

It was in a Park row lunch-room and noon—the busiest portion of the day. The speaker was the young man whose ear is ever jalert for the call of the hurrying waiters "Beef and!" "Ham and!" "Teggs—two!" while his deft fingers are dissecting a huge hunk of corned-beef, slicing up hams, slashing loaves of bread, ladling baked beans, juggling with crockery and raking in dimes and checks, all with such rapidity that each seems part of the same act and to be executed at the same time.

seems part of the same act and to be executed at the same time.

He had stopped in his bewildering display of gymnastics to address the remark quoted to a neatly dressed woman for whom he had just made a package containing a ham sandwich and a piece of mince pie. The pie and the sandwich were the "things" she was researched to describe the courter and the ested to deposit upon the counter, and this e did, without demur or delay, and hurried

Then the young man made a vicious dive for the big rump of red beef with his keen carver and told The World reporter about it.

it.

"That woman," he said, "came in here seven weeks ago when I was just as busy as I am to-day. She ordered a sandwich and a piece of pie and then waited for me to ask for the pay—fifteen cents. When I did ask her she insisted that she had laid down a dollar and she was waiting for her change. Well, it's hard to think a respectable-looking woman like her would lie, but I knew she hadn't paid and made her show down.

"She tried the same game again to-day. I was a little bit doubtful the first time whether I had taken her measurement properly, and

was a little bit doubtful the first time whether I had taken her measurement properly, and so I thought I'd make a test. I pretended to be a great deal busier than I was, and it caught her. She thought she'd make eighty-five cents and her lunch, and tried the old trick. You could see from the way she scurried out that she was guilty.

"It's an old game, but is usually played by

men, and they aren't nearly so modest as that woman was. They usually play for change for a five, and sometimes they get it. "It's a sneaking trick," concluded the carver, as he reduced a ham in length a quarter of an inch with his greasy glaive.

Out of One's Atmosphere.

[From Harper's Basar.]

Mrs. A. (who entertains a good deal)—I have really enjoyed the evening exceedingly, Mrs. Buck. It's such a relief to get out of one's own atmosphere once in awhile. Almost Every Druggist.

Is now making any on the point of the structure.

Well! buy them if you like, but buy EARLY, so that you will have time to get RIRER's AFTERWARD; and get your Mouchoins, &c., finished in time for Christmas gifts. You don't want to make a present and have the recipient say, "Huh!" "She might have put a decent Rachet Powder in it." "There's no small to THIS at Rachet Powder in it." Sachet Powder in it.

all." Now do you?

Insist on having RIERR'S SACHET POWDER AND PERFULKES in the original package. Do not allow any one to
persuade you otherwise. Sold by almost all dealers
throughout the United States. If any druggist retuses to
supply you you can be sure of getting what you sak for at
the dry goods houses and general stores, or direct from
WM. B. RIERR & SOR, druggists and perfumers, established 1846, at 363 6th ave., New York.

PASHION IN BEARDS.



DAM probably lived and died with a full brown beard. He couldn't stroll through the Garden of Eden to see how the "other fellows" wore their beards or mustaches. enamel That is where the Broadway swell of to-

day has the advantage of Adam. Fashion is as capricious in dictating to the sterner sex how they shall trim their beards as it is to women in trimming

It is strange to see how many variation the hirsute growth on a man's face is sus-ceptible of. Stranger still is it that so few men leave the whole thing to nature and let their beards grow as they will. Your full-bearded man has generally begun the down-ward course which begins after the grand climacteric. Occasionally a young fellow who is just starting in on a profession will grow a full beard because it makes him

who is just starting in on a profession will grow a full beard because it makes him look older, and extreme youth in doctors and lawyers is not usually regarded as their strongest claim to patronage. When they have built up a practice they can shave off ten years of age.

Last year the correct thing was to have the beard closely trimmed and terminate in a point. The Vandyke style is not so much in vogue the present season. To sport only a mustache is the prevailing mode, and eighttenths of the men that are met on the street are bare of visage except for the fringes on their upper lips. Some of the youngest bloods are even destitute of these, much to their dismay.

Another fashion for the present season is to have the whole lower half of the face

Another fashion for the present season is to have the whole lower half of the face shaven clean, a line almost straight from the mouth to the ear being the dividing line. It is English, and a cross between the "canonical inch," or little tuft which grows by the ear, and the "Burnsides," which the Rhode Island General of that name made fashionable through the civil war.

Still another English fashion which finds favor with the men on the debatable ground.

Still another English fashion which finds favor with the men on the debatable ground between late youth and maturity is to wear a full beard of moderate length, parted on the chin and brushed carefully to either side.

Nobody attempts to dye his mustache or beard to-day, and so the spectacle of a jet black growth with white roots is spared the public. Some old bloods "who die but never surrender," cling to a bristling, snowy mustache which stands out with distinguished ustache which stands out with distinguish

mustache which stands out with distinguished effect against a fresh complexion made roseate by the vintage of Champagne.

Nobody to-day has the moral courage or idiocy to wax the ends of his mustache so that they extend literally as stiff as cambric needles with Hungarian cosmetic. Napoleon III. was the author of this fashion, and James Fisk, jr., the last brilliant example of it in Gotham. The new style seems to favor barbers. But there is no style which does not favor them except the full beard which old age allows to find its way to the waistband, favor them except the full beard which old age allows to find its way to the waistband, There are hundreds of men who would no more think of attending to their own beards than of being manicures. They don't know how to use a razor. They gash themselves pitiably, or make their skins dreadfully raw. A number of those who grow hair on their faces develop a full beard during the winter, and get shorn in spring. They think that it keeps them from getting cold. It does, to a certain extent, but it fails to prevent the throat from getting tender.

tender.
The English are more given to the full The English are more given to the Rull beard, kept at a certain length, than Americans are. Hence it is doubtful is the mustache alone will carry the day entirely, or obtain for any length of time. One has only to watch the men that hurry through the streets to see that fashions in the beard sway most of them.

SHOE-BUCKLES AND CARTER-CLASPS

Oxidized silver takes the lead in shoe-A disc of oxidized silver is ornamented with a spider or other insect.

In garter-clasps, two daisies in enamel overlapping each other is a favorite design. In gold, an ivy vine in green enamel is effective. These clasps have a patent fasten

Changed as he was, she knew him in an instant, and a little half-suppressed acream escaped from He stood just inside the door with his felt hat in

alone," he said with a jerk of his head and with a cold, cruel tone. She got up and staggered to the table, and lean-

are my wife. There's been a mistake and he don't turned away, saying: "No, no, no; he must not

And then with a sob. "My God, can it be In her perplexity and helplessness she started

The man, thinking, she intended to escape by the indow, sprang after her. Then she turned and drew herself up, and they stood facing each other

"Say the word, mum, and I'll drag him into the

allow anybody to come between me and my wife. to him.

"And shut the door," said Mr. Keeley. "Oh, you can listen, but don't you interfere.' When the man had gone out the woman spoke,

"Stand back, and tell me what you went." "I want you. Do you know you've committed State's prison offense? Do you think I'd come here if I wasn't right ? I just want you, because you're mine. Now, take my advice and make it pleasant,

"Oh, I just want to make you love, honor and obey me. So get your traps on, and bring a lot of money, for I'm dead broke." "You are a ruffian and a villain," she said

band. And he always has the community on his side." The thought that determined her was of the igno

Every impulse of her nature went out to him in this crisis, who had done so much for her. She | take it with you," knew that she must step down from her position as a lady and become once more the companion of a cent authority of contempt. "If you are my nus-desperado. She knew that it would kill her. But band you must support me." she drew herself up and said: "I will go with you. God help me!"

Then she took off her rings, unclasped the drops in her ears, stripped herself of every memento of her happy life and laid them all in a little spark-

astoniahment.

ing, so that there is no danger of their becom-

The small buckles for low-cut slippers of Etruscan gold, or of gold and cut steel.

A buckle for evening wear is of silver, the outside edge being ornamented with forget-me-nots in enamel. Rhine stones set in silver make effective ouckles for evening wear. There are, also,

buckles for evening wear. The fine wrought buckles in silver. A very pretty pair of clasps is ornamented with a design of four-leaf clovers, and an-other pair has a checker-board pattern in

SMALL COINS FOR HOLIDAYS.

The Customary Increase in the Demand

The unusual demand for small coins which generally shows itself about holiday time is already felt, and reports from other sections of the country say that the demand for cents and five-cent pieces especially cannot be met. Gold dollars, silver dollars quarters and 10-cent pieces also have a special value at this season of the year, and the supply is said to be far below the demand, especially in the country.

Thus far New York has not been affected n a perceptible degree, and it is not probable, according to the statement made in the Sub-Freasury, that the stringency here will be as great as has been noticed in former years. Last Christmas season was remarkable above all others for the almost utter impossibility of procuring small coins. A premium as high as 25 per cent. was offered in some instances for pennies. One charitable institution realized a substantial sum by selling its pennies, collected in church contributions, at the rate of \$1.10 per hundred, while many

considered with the small coin market. Said one of the officers at the Sub-Treasury when questioned to-day: "I do not think that the supply will fall far short of the demand this year. Of course, there will be more or less of a corner in the nickel and penny market, but I have no idea that the inconvenience will be fell by the business. penny market, but I have no idea that the in-convenience will be felt by the business men which was experienced a year ago. The Government has taken unusual precautions this year to obviate the difficulty and has sent out all the fractional pieces the mint could coin and still keep up the coinage of the silver dollar which the statute commands. "The report of the Director of the Mint at Philadelphia shows that in September 41,000 for count pieces were coined while 2,800,000

Philadelphia shows that in September 41,000 five-cent pieces were coined, while 3,620,000 pennies came fresh from the mint. In October the coinage of five-cent pieces aggregated 718,000, while that of pennies was in excess of 4,000,000. The same quantity has probably been put on the market during the present month. You see, therefore, that over 10,000,000 pennies, which is an immense number, have already been put in circulation, together with 1,000,000 five-cent pieces, since Sept. I last. The reports also show that so many fractional silver coins have been put in circulation, that the demand for them will be fully met. fully met. Thus far we have had no demands made

upon us which we have not been able to sup-ply, although the rush will not manifest itself fully until next week, or later."

AMUSEMENTS.

MAKART'S WORLD FAMOUS CYCLUS OF PICTURES.

FIVE SENSES.

NOW ON EXHIBITION AT NO. 16 EAST 14TH ST., FIRST FLOOR, OPEN FROM 10 A. M. TO 10 P. M. ADMISSION 25 CENTS.

MONDAY, WEDNESDAY AND PRIDAY, 50 CENTS.

14 TH STREET THEATRE. COR. 6TH AVE. Matiness WEDNESDAY and 8ATURDAY. HOME AGAIN.
DENMAN THOSIFSON,
THE OLD HOMESTEAD.
The beautiful lane and all the original effects.
Gallery, 25c. Reserved, 35c., 80c., 75c., \$1, \$1.50.

saving: ' Give those to Mr. Sedley when he comes The letter explains.

Mr. Keeley put his hand on the man's shoulder. 'D-n jou!" he said. "I told you; not to interfere between a man and his wife. That's her property and I'm her husband. Give it to me. It's her personal property!" His wife sprang at the door to call for assistance

"Wreigh," she cried with a flerce exclamation. Miserable dog. You can take what is your own, and that is all. Go on to your kennel where you

stood on the sill looking in. It was a picturesque group for an instant.

What a wild rush of joy those words gave her. She could not understand them, and yet they went down into her soul with a strange music. She did not know ; what it all meant, but she felt that love had come to her rescue and was in some way alle powerful.

Mr. Keeley was nervous. He looked around warily and put his hand on his hip. Mr. Sedley was taking off his wife's hat and removing the pin from her wrap.

here, dama me, do you want me to kill you where you stand? Do you know that is my wife?" Mr. Sedley picked up his wife's hand and looked at it. "John," said he to the servant, "it was lucky I came. That man's an escaped convict from the Penusylvania prison. He's been trying

He felt the leap of his wife's heart in her finger

"That's all right," said Mr. Keeley. "Bu she's my wife all the same. " "Don't pay any attention to him, my darling,

said Mr. Sedley. "He had a wife when he took you, and I've got the proof of it. Now, then, John, out with him !"

XIII.

That's all.

Except that the mocking-bird let out a long roulade, and Jerry stood on his head, and the little Sevres cups were set and the two children leaned

boat-house, is a very spacious and handsome resid A Realistic Story of New York ence. Its white walls are flanked by deep verandas, over which the wild roses have grown thickly The gravelled walks are clean swept. The undulating lawns are cool and shadowy with the elms and junipers. At the entrance gate, where a cedar ARRALL & WEED'S lodge affords two rustic seats, sits a lady in a pale blue dress of the richest texture, loosely cut, and Oil City in November, girdled simply at the waist. She wears a little On the 5th of that month gypsy hat and she is very beautiful. Her white hand, as it lies on the rough rail of the lodge, ome of the canvas-men shoots a little red gleam as the setting sun touche became embroiled in a

the diamond on her finger. to a blood-red, and they burn in the vista like live sweeping eyebrows.

slaughter. Ton Watson was the travelling name

he said-"what a beacon of love it is. How long have you been waiting ?" "Not long. I've been thinking," she replied, hight before Keeley was sentenced his friend saw It's a thinking hour. The sound of the locusts "Rob," said the doomed man, sitting in the

I suppose nothing will rob a woman of that lux-But there is nothing need to make you melancholy, is there?"

and says it's a case of twenty years. I'm nigh on to thirty now. Good God! I'll be fifty before I'm "It's lasted pretty stoutly for two years. My have you been thinking about?"

culprit, looking up for the first time. "You've it when I am here?"

kept on in her own vein. There's two-one's an old woman who said I'd

times," he replied, "but I never got a satisfactory papers on account of the name. Will you fix reply. The only possible answer was, I just did.

against a stroke of lightning. I don't know what made me carry you off that night when I saw you miles south of Nyack. The bills that break out so all turned out right. Now there is nobody on earth be there."

fight with a party of rough She is looking down the road in a reverie. The miners and two men were killed. The accounts dust of the highway is like flying gold. The autumn gleams of the Western sky turn the maples Tof it appeared in the papers at the time. Jim Slavin and Tony Watson, of the Hippotheatron cs-tablishment, were arresthead up and you see the coal-gray eyes and the ed and convicted of man-

A handsome vehicle is driven in at the gate. man jumps out and the vehicle goes on up to the short the bine dress and bisses the woman's up turned mouth. Her arm has gone over his shoulder and she holds him a moment in an embrace. '. I saw your face half a mile down the road,'

makes me melancholy."

darling, when it's built right it is eternal. What

minds me of it when you are away." be facetious. "Doesn't anything remind you of

me it must stop. Sometimes I look at myself and I cannot comprehend it. I am so different. Tell

"What you could have seen in poor me I can't imagine." "Nor I," said he. "I never did imagine. I

just saw. All I know about it is I loved you with a upernatural love from the first, and I could no more struggle against it than a man can struggle in front of your father's house. I must have been frowningly in the Hook Mountain above dwindle to dispute my right to you. I wish you could be as down here, and between them and the Pali-

sades further down is a low-lying gap "Oh, I'm afraid, "she said, "that I am not capa-through which you map, if you look narrowly, see ble of it. You are so much wiser and better than Tappan dosing back there on the I am.

State line. Right in the richest and most romantipart of this glade, with broad grounds stretching

coals dropped from the sky. The pensive face lights up. Some one is approaching. She litts her

house. He springs up the little step, puts an arm

"Well," he said, sitting down by her side,

" No, only the fear that perfect happiness can never last."

"Of how good and noble and self-sacrificing you are," she said promptly. " Everything re-" I like that," he said laughingly and trying to

She didn't pay any attention to his humor, but "When I think of it all," she said, "it seems to to it,"

me, what was it made you love me?" "I've asked myself that question a thousand

On the morrow. They sated like children. But there was something beautiful in her tender devotion and in her clinging fondness for him,

"THERE IS NO POWER ON EARTH CAN TAKE YOU FROM ME!" "Rubbish," he said. "You are the sait of the | She went to the train with him, and when he was earth and don't know it. You are just as good as gone there were childish tears in her eyes. you can be to let me worship you as I do and not laugh at me. Sometimes I think from your de- duties with a happy air. There was so much to be jected air that you are lonesome, and that after done before the cold weather set in, and she all you might have been happier with some one else.

" No, no, no, " she repeated. " Never allow such think something might happen to it." "Oh, well," he said carelessly, "if that is all. I'm satisfied, because nothing ever can happen

They got up and walked up the path with their arms about each other. "My dear," she said, accidents might happen, might they not 7 You go away so much. And when you are gone it isn't reasonable to be as happy as when you are here." " To-morrow is my last visit to the city for some

time," he answered. "I must go back and give my evidence in the suit. Then the matters of the estate will be all settled and we can sit quietly down here for the winter and make our friends come to our fireside, and when the spring returns we'll go to Italy and look at all the places we shall read about these coming long hights."

" Must you go to-morrow ? "I'm afraid I must, but I'll be back the next There is a stretch of sloping mountain about three | desperate, and it was indefensible. But you see it | day if possible. It is very important that I should

XIL

But she came back and set about her simple wanted to transform her sitting-room before he got back. The matting had to come up and the heavy carpets to go down. The English fireplace a thought to peas through your mind. I have had to be lit. The furniture re-arranged. She had grown so full of a great love that I trembie only to the plants from the conservatory brought in and festooned in the bay window. The best books of travel were scattered on the centre-table. The leopard skin was laid before the ruddy logs. The great Limoges lamp was ready for lighting. She stood and looked at the growing comfort of her work with pleasure. Gazing out of the bay window she said: · Presently the snow will be on all the hills and selds and come bleakly down in big flakes for days; the winds will blow those trees and race across the dead leaves, and we shall be so happy and comfortable here, "

On the day that she expected bim back she even sat down on a cushion before the fireplace and imagined him in the big chair there, with his slip pers on, reading to her, while the gusts sang outside and it was all so joily and picasant inside.

While she sat there with a dreamy smile of happiness on her handsome face her reverie became so deep that she did not hear the crunch of carriage wheels on the graves, and the ring of the door-bell startied her. She wondered who it could be, and while she wondered she heard voices in the hall, then a heavy footstep, and the next mo ment the door opened anddenly and she was staring up from the quahion, like one in a dream, into the face of John Watson Keeley.

his hand, and just behind him was the indignant

the door she flung it open. "Leave the room. "Tell your flunky to go away and leave us When I am ready I will join you in the hall. " She ing upon it tried to be sure it was not an illusion.
"Tell him," repeated Mr. Keeley, "that you

want to make it worse." She heard this without clearly understanding it. "Your wife," she repeated, drawing her hand involuntarily across her eyes. "Your wife!"

for the bay window. Somebow she felt that if he were only here he would save her. He had always

road," said the servant. "Will you?" repiled Mr. Keeley. "You'd bet ter go slow. I told you this was my wife. I've some to fetch her, and if you interfere with me, I'll double you up with an ounce of lead. I don't He looked desperate and capable of anything, and new and sudden fear sprang up in the woman. I he came back now there would be a scene of violence and he would get killed. After all, she was this man's wife. Nothing, nothing must happen

"Go out in the hall," she said to the servant, "I will talk to this man."

Where's your paramour?" "What do you want to do with me?" she asked.

and I believed you were dead," Well. you see, I'm not, so don't waste words. There's nothing so desperate as an outraged hus-

miny and shame of all this to him, and the fear that if the men met there would be bloodshed.

ling pile on the table. "What are you doing ?" said Mr. Keeley, in

manner. "Don't be a fool!" he said; "you'll need 'em."
Then she flamed up. "Don't touch me, or !

shall drop at your feet," she said. Walking to

pointed with an imperative arm-sweep, and he obeyed her with something like wonder and admiration in his face. The moment she had shut the door, her distress was unbounded. She walked up and down and wrung her hands. She went to the window and with staring eyes of expectancy looked out, saying: "Way does he not come ?" And then she

come! He must not come! I must go! O

God, why could not this beautiful dream have

In a condition of terror and perplexity bordering

on hysterics, she went round the room looking at each familiar object as if for the last time. She put her finger through the bars of a handsome bird-cage and a mocking bird lit upon her finger "Good-by, Mario; I'm going. Good-by, pet, And the bird let out a strain of jubliant disbellef in anything like misfortune, and rubbed his bill on her white finger. She opened a door and a little terrier came bounding in. She picked it up and fondled it. "Good-by, Jerry," she said. "I've got to go." And the dog yelped and struggled and wagged its tall with a fine dog contempt for such an impossibility. With a keen sense she took in all the elegant trifles of the room and their associations. There stood the little Japanese teapot and the two tiny Sevres cups-how many times she had made the late cup of tea with her own hands as they sat there, and how often before drinking it they had reached across the table like

in this lonely place with all these reminders about him. What would he think of her who could go without leaving one word. She rushed to the little secretary and scized a pen, and began to write in an uncertain, shaky hand:

two children and kissed each other. For a mo

ment she stood staring at vacancy. What would be

say when he found her gone. How would he live

Oh, my darling, the blow has fallen. God bless you and help you. You will know all without my telling you. There is but one place where we shall not be a parated. I will go there first and She folded it and left it on the table by the side

of her trinkets. Then throwing on a heavy wrap,

Mr. Keeley stepped in, closed it, and stood with his back against it. "Look here, Mag," said he, as your'e going to be sensible and do the right thing, I don't want to be hard on you. I know I ain't as good as you are, but I swear I'll try and be a different man. I don't want you to meet me with that kind of a look. I had you first, and you used to think something of me. You've had a picule for two years in tuls place, and I've had the hardest kind of inck. If you've saved anything, "Leave the house," she said, with the magnifi-

she gave a gasp and opened the door.

"That's all right," ne answered, "but I've got o look after my wife's property;" and he pointed

to the lewels on the table. This man was a desperado. She saw that, away. She called the man-servant in, gathered up the jewels and the letter, and put them in his hand, noggin of applejack.

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he caught her by the arm, pushed the door shus quickly, and said: "Now, look here. I'm not a man to be trided with. You know that of old,

belong and I will follow you. But not a penny goes out of this house, "Then," said Mr. Keeley, t" I will stay here till the man of the house comes and settle with him !" In spite of herself she gave a little gasp at this. Then the door flew suddenly open and Mr. Sedley

The woman gave a cry of joy, that was folowed by a cry of terror. Mr. Sedley came to her. put his arm about her and led her to a chair. Bending over her a moment, he said in the same tones that she had heard that night in front of her father's house: "Calm yourself, There is no power on earth can take you from me. You are mine loyally and legally and eternally."

Do you know who I am ?" asked Mr. Keeley. Mr. Sediev was pulling at the sleeve of her wrap. He got it off and threw the garment on a chair. He smoothed the hair on his wife's forehead tenderly and stooped down and kissed her squarely on Mr. Keeley struck his fist on the table. "See

to rob us. There's an officer at the door who is looking for him. Let nim in."

over the table and kissed each other and one o them had her eyes full of water; and John told Something had made a reckless scamp of him, and all the other servants that it was as much be a consciousness of this made her feverish to get than anything he'd ever seen on the theyater els